Beck, Sexxlaws

Can't you hear those cavalry drums? Hijacking your equilibrium Midnight hags in the mausoleum Where the pixilated doctors moan Carnivores in the Kowloon night Breathing freon by the candlelight Coquettes bitch slap you so polite Till you thank them for the tea and sympathy I want to defy the logic of all sexxlaws Let the handcuffs slip off your wrists I'll let you be my chaperoned at the halfway home I'm a full grown man but I'm not afraid to cry Neptune's lips taste like fermented wine Perfumed blokes on the Ginza line Running buck wild like a concubine Who's mother never held her hand Brief encounters in Mercedes Benz Wearing hepatitis contact lens Bed and breakfast getaway weekends With Sports Illustrated moms I want to defy the logic of all sexxlaws Let the handcuffs slip off your wrists I'll let you be my chaperoned at the halfway home I'm a full grown man but I'm not afraid to cry